By drunken prophefies, libels and dreames,
To fet my brother Clarence and the king,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other,
And if king Edward be as true and iuſt
As I am ſubtile, falſe and trecherous:
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mewd vp, *inewed* 1602.
About a prohefie which ſaies that G. *a prophefie* 1602.
Of Edwards heires the murtherer ſhall bee.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with a guard of men.*
Here Clarence comes,
Brother, good dayes, what means this armed guard
That waites vpon your grace?
Cla. His maieſtie tendering my perſons ſafetie hath ap-
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower. (pointed
Glo. Vpon what cauſe?
Cla. Becauſe my name is George.
Glo. Alack my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your good fathers: *godfather* 1602.
O belike his maieſtie hath ſome intent.
That you ſhall be new chriſtned in the Tower,
ſhall But what is the matter Clarence may *I* know?
Cla. Yea Richard when I know, for *I* proteſt *I do*
As yet *I* do not, but as *I* can learne,
He harkens after prophecies and dreames,
And from the croſſe-rowe pluckes the letter G:
And ſaies a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be,
And for my name of George begins with G,
It fellowes in his thought that I am he, *followes* 1602.
Theſe as *I* learne, and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Haue moued his highneſſe to commit me now
Glo. Why this it is when men are rulde by women,
Tis not the king that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady Gray his wife, Clarence tis ſhee *She* 1602.
That tempts him to this extremitie: *tempers* *tempt* 1602.
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip
Anthony wooduile her brother there,
That made him ſend Lord Haſtings to the tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe Clarence we are not ſafe.

Cla. By heauen *I* thinke there is no man
But the Queenes kindred, and night-walki
That trudge betwixt the king and Miſtreſſe
Heard ye not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his deliuerie
Glo. Humble complaining to her deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie,
He tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her liuery,
The iealous oreworne widow and her ſelfe,
Since that our brother dubd them gentlew
Are mightie goſſips in this monarchy.
Bro. I beſeech your graces both to pardo
His maieſtie hath ſtraightly giuen in charge
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.
Glo Euen ſo & pleaſe your worſhip Broke
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the king
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire, and not iealous
We ſay that Shores wife hath a pretie foote,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing
And that the Queenes kindred are made ge
How ſay you ſir, can you deny all this?
Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue n
Glo. Naught to do with Miſtreſſe Shore. I
He that doth naught with her, excepting one
Were beſt he do it ſecretly alone.
Bro. What one my Lord?
Glo. Her husband, knaue, would'ſt thou bet
Bro. I beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
Your conference with the noble Duke.
Cla. We know thy charge Brokenbury, an
Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and muſ
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King Edwards widow ſiſter,